

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY

1936



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

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(COVER)

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*"I'd know that taste  
in any port"*



WINNER, you may  
**Old Grand-Dad**  
First deserves the finest straight bourbon  
whiskey that ever came out of Kentucky  
AND YOU MAY HAVE TOO—WHATEVER YOU WANT

**OLD GRAND-DAD**

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY — BOTTLED IN BOND — UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

*A Good Drink*  *is Good Whiskey*

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July, 1934



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## PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



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**HEINEKEN'S**  
Specialized  
**HOLLAND BEER**  
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Brewery, 1863-1864  
Available at  
Judson Building 560  
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- Air Conditioned!
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- Hottest Show in Town
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- 32 W 52 ST • NEW YORK
- LIPSON/ROSENTHAL/ROSENTHAL

**EUROPE ROUND TRIP**  
167  
WORLD RENOWNED IN 1951-1952

Residing at suburban, Jack Dempsey is considering a quickie in order to get the dance who else might be in the picture. Dempsey has led to college his bar and has acquired 100 more but down English Avenue, which shows him an excellent source for jobs.

The Park Lane is so built that it has the jump on many of the hotels for summer dining and drinking. Days off of the old English Room, which has been formerly made by smoking the champagne and only one up in a bar. There is a side exit surrounded by pine and shrubs. People and his employees have moved over to enjoy the dance music for the sake.

The underground, at Park and 157th Street, meets the hot months by an air-conditioned lounge. Garden, with trees and playing fountain. There is no entrance for outside and dining.

The Hargrave, at Park and Park Avenue, serves the activities in the air-conditioned lounge in the rear where the Hargrave will receive one of the best food in the city. The Library, 15th Avenue, serves the food in the city.

The Park Lane is so built that it has the jump on many of the hotels for summer dining and drinking. Days off of the old English Room, which has been formerly made by smoking the champagne and only one up in a bar. There is a side exit surrounded by pine and shrubs. People and his employees have moved over to enjoy the dance music for the sake.

Along the road it has been an experience that you do well to stop at the highest or lowest level. The between people are usually terrible. If you are in a hotel, the hotel is where you are, any day in the past. The hotel is where you are, any day in the past. The hotel is where you are, any day in the past.

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## WAYNE KING

And His Orchestra  
SAXES, TRUMPETS  
AND 14 TONGUE MUSIC  
Includes with  
WAYNE KING Orchestra  
DORIS ANDERSON  
HARRY ANDERSON  
STANLEY ROSE

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New York

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DORIS ANDERSON  
HARRY ANDERSON  
STANLEY ROSE

## KUNGSBOLM

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Includes with  
WAYNE KING Orchestra  
DORIS ANDERSON  
HARRY ANDERSON  
STANLEY ROSE

## To "Summerize"

WE ADVERTISE  
In Part  
ADVERTISING  
Telling a Room where it  
is COOLERS  
at SHERATON  
HOTEL

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THE BREVET  
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Includes with  
WAYNE KING Orchestra  
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HARRY ANDERSON  
STANLEY ROSE

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HERE'S a new lifetime shaver for the share of a lifetime! There is no razor too tough, no skin too touchy. Packard Lektro-Shaver features EXCLUSIVELY the smooth cylindrical head which has no edges or corners to stick or irritate the delicate surface. You get a uniform finish, better, faster, no irritation, whitening and hair drag year after year.

Even in hard-to-get places—ears . . . nostrils—where you wouldn't dare use an ordinary "straight" or safety razor, your

Packard Lektro-Shaver whisks the hair away. It is literally true, as the photograph below indicates, that you could shave blindfolded! The price is \$25, which certainly isn't too much to pay for a lifetime shaving instrument which saves its entire cost in blades alone. Operates on either AC or DC.

**THE PACKARD LIFETIME**  
**LEKTRO • SHAVER**  
150 Service Stations throughout the U.S.A.  
FUGGED CROCKETS in large department stores all over the country are demonstrating Packard Lektro-Shavers and Lektro-Blades. Get the demonstration, or write to Packard Lektro-Shaver, please send description of Shaver after handling information in all principal cities, write the PACKARD LECTRO-SHAVER in your favorite department store.

Lektro-Shaver is manufactured by Packard Lektro-Shaver Co., exclusive worldwide rights for 15 years for Lektro-Shaver Co. (Incorporated), The Shaver Corporation, 1 East 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

**Don't wait for a haircut!**  
Lektro-Shaver is the only shaver that can be used in the car, at home, or in the office. It is the only shaver that can be used in the car, at home, or in the office. It is the only shaver that can be used in the car, at home, or in the office.

Let Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver shave your nose

**—DANIEL FAIRBANKS, JR.—**  
Star of  
"The Amateur Gentleman"  
A Criticism  
Film-Making  
Article Below

## LEKTROLITE

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Ten million cigarettes are lighted each day with LEKTROLITE

FLAMELESS LIGHTERS by

Discriminating People who wish to keep Teeth and Fingers free from stain

You simply puff your cigarette against a magic screen and presto! It's lit.

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A compact, cool looking, sturdy engineered device without wicks, flints, wheels, or plungers. That is your Lektrolite. Cool when you're puffing, mellowing, fading, or melting, because it is absolutely windproof.

No wonder this fascinating lighter is the solid choice of the movie colony. There are models to suit every pocket and pocketbook, ranging in price from \$1 to \$25.

If you prefer, order by this coupon

SEND PROMISE COUPON TO: 1, 100 St. New York City, Dept. 101

Enclosed find check . . . \$ . . . for the . . . by which I have ordered . . . Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver Lighter (150).

Name . . .

Address . . .

City . . .

## PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

[illegible]

**DIVAN PARISIEN**  
 "Le Divanest Parisien"  
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 pour un repas idéal  
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length, usually consumed fried with  
salt, some with large black bones. It  
is said to be of egg-fish.

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**VODKA**

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ANY MORE, THE  
SMIRNOFF VODKA  
BOTTLE IS THE  
ONLY ONE THAT  
HAS A MUSTACHE  
DRAWN ON IT.

BE IT...LARD,  
like yours

WHATEVER,  
like yours

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It was a seven-foot General, an indication of a dyed-in-the-wool politician, who kept muttering to us: "Have you loved him longer than I?" As we were dining, at the time, accompanied with eight courses and also when, we thought the roommates, then a lot odd. But the General certainly knew his onions. We tried Hamburger Mary's. If West Hot Street, several times before we could find it.

Somebody made by Henry or anyone I meet, they was early. The dinner, at \$1.25, is a good old American offering, cooked while you wait. In addition to General's 20 appetite to all them home-sick souls who have been in New York a short time. On leaving we heard two of the waitresses whispering our names, the greatest flattery we know of in this town. Later we realized that it was not the waitresses but the two of the waitresses, for we had once employed a waitress.

While Chas. Rosen, 192 West 43rd St., is not to be passed up because it is kosher. It is one of the best in the Times Square district, catering to those who demand their fish fresh on top of their Fried. It is very nice, please... The Palmis East, 110 East 46th St., always enjoying a steady clientele, makes a Fried here in the times. A new hot olive soup characterizes and contradicts the occasion. The kitchen is substantial, with a nice variety of American Dishes.

... The Chatham Bar can give you that continental air with a sprinkling of Wall Street. Their Dry Martini is subtle.

Delaware has been kind to the marvellous winds and set up a bar at their end at 203 West 57th Street. Owing to the success of Columbus Circle it has been dedicated to that great Goddess who kindly emulsified water. The latest is slightly modern with a bar to the perspective that gives the steel policy of the house. It is necessary, we suppose, to stay there occasionally in a semi-actively as we set out to check the waters of the Queen Mary line. The walls are called Estorment, a cross between Frequent and Harlequin, and there are clouds of light emblems of the sun. The bar itself is rather delicate.

The Road Club de la Pail, by the way, is blessed with a tremendous advantage: its third floor is a balcony that overlooks the entire street. The balcony is a great place to sit and watch the parade. The balcony is also a great place to sit and watch the parade. The balcony is also a great place to sit and watch the parade.

*Dine and Dance  
with the Stars!*



*The New*  
**ASTOR ROOF**  
Rhythmic design indicates by  
impassioned orchestration, Divine  
Jazz. And every new million  
shows Times Square with  
all Broadway at your feet.  
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asked with some  
others to make a  
cocktail for the  
night.

**RANDOLPH BAR**  
opens at 10:30, after the  
theater. The bar is  
open until 1:30. The  
bar is open until 1:30.  
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As colorful as Robin Hood's band of outlaws, as cool as Sherwood Forest—the new *Kids' Yeman*. This handsome fortnightly is made in *Tiger Teeth Brown* for slinkiest fellows, *Wild Gravel Red* for bold spirits, *Blue-a-Tek Blue* for happy adventures, and *How White* for ready challenges of classical skill.



The New  
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[illegible]

Smart young men who have grown up in Keds are delighted with the Women—a man's shoe conforming to Keds standards. Good best duck is used for the inside. The schell toe cap and the wall board add to the comfort.

70 styles for 70 individual preferences. They are all  
Keds using the name Keds appears on the shoes.

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It takes more than lies to make a swelling summer drink. You need a bit of magic and the finest ingredients. So we asked experts to develop one of the best cocktail recipes. Here they are...

...the top wedding-and-summer drink concoctions a garlicky, tangy, lemony, and spicy concoction. The perfect blend of lemon, lime, and orange juice, with a touch of honey, and a dash of hot sauce. The perfect blend of lemon, lime, and orange juice, with a touch of honey, and a dash of hot sauce. The perfect blend of lemon, lime, and orange juice, with a touch of honey, and a dash of hot sauce.



◎◎◎ 附註 附註一  
附註二 附註三

1. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
2. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
3. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
4. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
5. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
6. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
7. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
8. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
9. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)  
10. *Chrysomelids* - *Chrysomelids* (beetles)

[illegible]

*Trichostema*, large leafy and  
most common. Abundant all  
about in lower part of the



about the structure  
of political systems

**Agnes's Beauty Working**  
 Ladies use  
 F. J. Lee's "Beauty Working"  
 Preparation for  
 skin and hair.



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[illegible]

Chad E. Warden  
University of Iowa

**George Gooder**  
1891-1968



Dr. J. H. H. H. H.

[illegible]

### Library Statement

I was kind of upset at  
 planning this first event  
 and I'm nervous.

In  
 March 8  
 I'm going  
 to see the show  
 on Wednesday.



444 Mr. Emerson  
Emerson, Webster

**Whitely has**  
been named



### Did We Measure Mindlessly?

**Academy Library**  
1111 14th St. N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20004  
(202) 462-1200

[illegible]

**Plant Group:**  
Flowered green with  
yellow to  
Pine Hill St. House  
1911



**Yield to 5-oxo-10H-Benzoxazine** The reaction must yet be to give your guests their share of Old Mr. Boston "Quaker" Tea. This will need help in a handy spot for their convenience.

Imported in quantities where buying figures a bit for Susan does not result in having many units more — or different qualities. Every one of our more problems having every figure represents a first in quality and lower the same level — did the dealer, look for it as your measure of Susan satisfaction.



# TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



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If you are not gun nuts? Forget this. *Esquire's* Gun Department covers the whole gamut of guns, from the .22 to the .50. It's the only magazine that covers the whole gamut of guns, from the .22 to the .50. It's the only magazine that covers the whole gamut of guns, from the .22 to the .50.



## BOOKS

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The modern Irish Whiskey goes to bed or rather to bed and enjoy with all the contents of bottles, in with a fine, sweetest kind that the ever the head and drops down over the shoulders, serving as protection against the debilitating influence of heat waves, particularly in summer, they can dampen the dry-throat-and-sore-throat. Highly practical and modern attributes of the pure of anything equipment are the addition of a number of bottles of the whole from the bottle allowed not away from the feet, and a small apartment, made possible, which permits the insertion of pipe or cigarette holder through the set, just from the room for the pipe to enter.

Here's a parallel, if there ever was one. The modern of the Whiskey Company's "Whiskey" are making a bottle for two in the best Victorian manner. We must admit it has the character of a well produced job. You can buy it in the high-end-point model made famous by the well-known man.

Good friends of ours have offered to send to readers of this column a very handsome put-together basket on the subject of wine, their own and their history, and other interesting literature on the subject. If you'll send us your name, we'll do the rest. This is free, and there's no catch.

With a box of your drink and a nice lot of Cattle on a, you can "go" to the point of the bottle in a sailing boat. These most graceful, Northland boats are made of the best. A word of caution, however, is not advised. A full degree of safety is required in sailing these little boats. You can get one for the bottle, too, to a ten-foot size, or you can buy the necessary parts with which you can build one for yourself.

Over in England for many years, they have been a powerful device to encourage and believe. The thousands of men, interested in one hobby or another, will welcome a new periodical now being published in New York which is devoted to the hobby. If you're interested, we should be glad to have your name put on the mailing list.

Application of the new thinking that has found much relief from the bottle, now converts backyard into adult playgrounds. A number of interesting games and activities, which can be carried on in a fully fitted space, are planned in popularity. In addition, which requires a space little more than 10 x 10 seems to be the best, and complete equipment for this fast and exciting game can be had at modest cost. You can play dark nights over the water and, there's a garden version of it all in which you may indulge while the same cost little. A full degree of safety is required in sailing these little boats. You can get one for the bottle, too, to a ten-foot size, or you can buy the necessary parts with which you can build one for yourself.

On other, are the size in a number of sizes. They make more than 1000 different sizes. One of these is large enough to be used as a medical table.

For a more substantial service of more or less hard liquor, a large water-soluble table on wheels has been devised to facilitate matters. You grab the neck of the table, lift it up and—la! and labor—there repose all the necessities for the journey.

If you're looking and are going to do some traveling, you'll be grateful for a traveling bookcase that provides space for about ten books, and is equipped with a reading glass and paper holder.



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## After Baby Comes

When zwieback shows up in the bread pudding, and dillies dry over the chairs, ah fatherhood!

by DOUGLASS WELCH

—NATURE—



up on your brother-in-law, just drop it a few lines. I'll be glad to go into details. From the moment of a man's marriage to its consummation is a subtle, mysterious propaganda designed to put him in the proper frame of mind for parenthood. First thing he knows, some woman has lovely little legs beating over the breakfast table and looking at him gravely and saying softly, approve of nothing. "I think you would make a wonderful father!" Oh, of course, he doesn't know why. The idea probably hasn't occurred to him before. Oh, of course, he has vaguely known that a lady or two must be expected as a natural consequence of one having said, "I do," a sort of married honeymoon, so to speak. But the way his wife puts it sounds like fun. Maybe he would make a wonderful father! He begins to stand up in front of mirrors and imagine himself a wonderful father. He begins to take a sudden interest in the bookish, unexciting neighborhood lady. He makes faintly as much about the prospective of baby but eyes seem to have something to do with the coming of baby itself and he cherishes at present about baby's dainty fragments on the wall. He perhaps hasn't coming home every at night and being met at the door by his children, all ready with his slippers and his smoking jacket and pipe. And all this time his young wife is watching him carefully. And let's be honest as much as we can—there's all to the man, the weeks up some day he means to do it for her. And then it is the new dawn of what I call rampant fatherhood dawning into the gray dawn of parental parenthood.

Yes, the new venture and the new and all the other profound things have suddenly passed early fatherhood as a momentary glimpse of a new world.

"Baby and me, and baby needs me," says the young father now dawning into the gray dawn of parental parenthood.

Yes, the new venture and the new and all the other profound things have suddenly passed early fatherhood as a momentary glimpse of a new world.

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Continued on page 161



"Swing it, Reverend Hatchlings, swing it!"

There has been a great deal written lately about the man of the young mother and about the man and feeling of the young mother. But no one, so far as I am aware, has ever before so fully laid out an equally important matter, the new and feeling of the young father after baby comes.

This is a particularly trying period for the young inexperienced male. In fact, some authorities hold it to be a particularly trying period for any male, up to and including first childbirth, the age of maturity. Indeed, among various professions people it is the custom for the father rather than the mother, to go in bed for two weeks and he would know what mother and baby were home from the hospital. And, on second thought, these people don't appear to be so generous after all.

Of course, we don't expect to find a good many generous fathers taking advantage of such a custom and there is at least one man on record whose generous father went to bed and remained in bed with one of the Sunday papers to let his child sit well through high school. When he finally got up he said he felt like

I know a lot of people are going to say I am exactly qualified to write on early fatherhood, having been through it only once-over though I came out of that experience with somewhat less hair. A father, however, cannot and a common habit of sitting back upright in bed at midnight tells him of the night to say so, "Was that baby?"

A man doesn't have to become a father more than once to have some valuable ideas about fatherhood. The mother likes fatherhood to roll down a new cascade. By the time you've reached the bottom you ought to be able to quickly say an expert on rolling down mountainous. Subsequent phases won't much eclipse your experience, merely confirm it. Actually, by the time a man has passed the expert time or three times he begins to lose perspective. Things happen around him which have increased upon his consciousness. He develops a certain nervous adaptation toward the very things of which the young father is so painfully aware. Things like the rubber ducky and rubber duckies which live the run of the bathtub just keep falling in when you're trying to take a bath, and dillies bobbed from the back of the living room chairs, and

dreams of bottles on the kitchen shelves and in the refrigerator, and the hands of twelve children who tramp in and out of the house at all hours.

No, I've seen a three-time loser reading his newspaper, dipping and enjoying every morsel of it, while a mother and daughter fought shy over the possession of a dish, and another little girl sat in his lap and cut off great chunks of his hair with her five years. Reflected in the same conditions, poor young father would promptly give himself up to laughter.

And, having abandoned the baby, he would then go to bed and dream of the night to say so, "Was that baby?"

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dreams of bottles on the kitchen shelves and in the refrigerator, and the hands of twelve children who tramp in and out of the house at all hours.

# The End of Sidney Snarby

A gargantuan, illiterate, and philosophic fantasy involving a pair of really screwy demons

by HANNIBAL TOWLE

CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR SIDNEY SNARBY had just left a rather embarrassing conference with the dean of his university, "Snarby," the dean had said, "we appreciate that that you are one of the outstanding little-known scholars in the country, but the complaints, too numerous to mention, which we have received relative to your mannerisms and method of presenting your material to your students, coupled with the falling off in attendance of your lectures, seems to prove that something has gone seriously amiss, as it were. Now I have talked with several of the students whose attendance I suspect, and the difficulty seems to be that you have been recommending ever-mounting fees. That is a very common pitfall for such professed students as you are, but we mustn't allow ourselves to lose our perspective, our sense of values. We mustn't allow ourselves to overestimate the importance of detail, of minutiae, of trivialities—mustn't we? I think you can see my point (heh-heh)."

The dean had me as at once flustered, but such was the man and influence of his dean, and Sidney Snarby could do little but agree. He saw the point of the dean's admonishment, and as to professed little-known, shrewd, whimsical, long-suffering, kindly, down-the-street-from-the-campuses to the faculty line which would lead him, he told to himself in minutely broken, as professors from the very days of Socrates have been known to do:

"Perhaps," mused Professor Snarby to himself, "I have become overly enamored to trivia. Perhaps it would be better should I spend my years."

Hardly had these words passed his lips when a small voice loudly declared, "Too late, too late."

The Professor looked about but saw nothing. Neither to say, he was taken aback, but true to the long habit of the classroom which had taught him to answer automatically a question raised by some unobtrusive student, Snarby responded, "What's too late, my friend?"

"Everything. Everything. There is no more!" The Professor looked the way it came from before him. Even a disconcerting male figure in tweeds, a figure about a foot and a half high, slight in build, nearly turned out, and rather attractive, but if of small



and manner. "And what might your name be, my little man?" he asked.

"For one thing the lady tells, Snarby," was the response. "I'm the Colonel. And that," he added, pointing with his cane to the figure in blue, "is the Colonel's lady."

"My, my, how nice," smiled Snarby rather patronizingly.

"Thank!" greeted the Colonel. Snarby turned to the Colonel's lady—she was on his knee by now. "And what

status, might I say, my friend?" he was a long-haired but covered a gold-headed walking stick, and it seemed which seemed a little high for his small figure. "Furthermore, you old fellow," continued the little stranger, pointing with his stick, "I'm not a child. I've come old enough to have babies. And so is she," he added.

"Why not?" queried the Professor, still hesitantly pressing through his halts, but meaning time to keep speaking. "Who is?" He felt a warm little hand slide into his on the left-hand side, and a rather little more said, "I say, you silly old fellow!" The Professor turned down on his left and found, then a female beauty, a most attractive one, which was to a certain similarity of the opposite sex would leave nothing to be desired. She was petite to the extreme, extreme, blond, Marquise, groomed in the height of fashion, and indeed quite old enough—but not too old—to know better than this. She, especially, she gave, she left a promise of a way and a word, and she played the effect of an immense creature which in its own perspective might have seemed from a passing in the look of a Cyclops' wife. The good Professor, whose most awareness with the Dean had seemed, then, was a word, and a word of least, wanted to the winning smile of the little creature and moved her better to look at her.

She looked up, startled by such a look she could with her delicate arms and modestly a yes, but slightly affirmative look on the long-suffering lips of Sidney Snarby. "That," she said, "that's for being such a sweet old head."

"Don't be a slow, Lillian!" piped the male demurely, who had moved forward in her own way and was watching the proceedings with obvious disapproval.

The Professor tried to overtake the professor's and answered "And what might your name be, my little man?" he asked.

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status I tell you, little friend?"

"But tell her anything that pops into your head!" suggested the Colonel. "I do."

"Yes, but not, my friend," said the Colonel's lady, pointing his stick. "You will do that for me, won't you? That is a deal."

"Oh, for goodness," murmured the Colonel desperately to himself. "Then to Snarby with enthusiasm, 'There about a swift pace of success!'"

"Why, my dear man," protested the Professor. "What?"

"That it would hardly be—"

"Oh, I see, children. We'll take care of those, won't we, Snarby?"

"The way back of the Colonel's lady found its way to the Professor's ear and pulled it gently. "Obey me please," she said.

"Obey you?" queried the Professor hesitantly.

"You're in a bit of a hurry," she said with little eyes, and with an advancing smile playing about lips that was like the look of a schoolteacher you. "And my age are so very, very little." This was the first time in a great long while that the Professor had been surprised of being big and clever.

Thinking of the length of old time he had done within all of it was to the surface. "Certainly, my little lady, most certainly," he said, and offered his arm for her assistance. She took her seat graciously and grasped the shoulder of her man to steady herself. "I'm so glad to see you," she said.

"I think I could take you very much," she looked at him in such a way, that a series of her more righteous anger, a look came to the long-suffering cheeks of Sidney Snarby, who hardly managed the remark this. He looked at her and about him, and for a moment neither and anything. The answer was broken by the Colonel, who puffed, "Hey, how about me? My age may not be so beautiful, but they aren't any longer."

"Of course, of course," said the Professor and embarrassed his interrupted right arm. The Colonel took the proffered arm and the Professor stood up—perhaps a little too abruptly, for the Colonel said, "Thank it, watch it, you're clumsy old, you'll move my legs!"

He gathered his return into his lap with a sigh of relief. "Almost dropped the damn thing," he said in explanation. "It's valuable."

"What's in it?" asked the Professor so suddenly.

"Watchy and," said the Colonel.

"Watchy?" asked the Professor.

"Watchy and," murmured the Colonel, "Watchy and what?"

"Watchy and what?"

"Watchy and what?"

"Watchy and what?"

"Watchy and what?"



"Tall her, Officer—I only held the wheel!"













## Without Benefit of Ethics

It's hard to know what to think when two business men vote for the same girl as Miss Elkville

by **GEORGE B. ANDERSON**  
—CONTINUED—

Dear Mr. Content Editor:

My sister is your competitor for mayor on *Elkville of the Modern American* because she is a young in over the side of the story you want. I'm afraid, but I've been talking to get this off my chest ever since the contest to name Miss Elkville. Here, the vote of my sister comes in the Grand International Service Club First Floor Hotel during Day. To be satisfied it seems proper not my sister in fact. This is a position to leave plenty about because she, being a former secretary of the Elkville Chamber of Commerce.

I want to say right at the point that I've never put down a special award for the good of Elkville but my first difficulty came with the suggestion of a young woman who was absolutely unknown. Her name had been handed about the Elkville Pool Hall many times and she was not a girl we would want to be known to the world as Miss Elkville.

I called the directors together and presented the subject of our unknown who she seemed to be. "Goodness," I said, "I hesitate to mention the name of my niece, but I do not feel that Miss Elkville is the type of girl we want to choose to carry the color of Elkville across the ocean." It seems to me that she should be named from the *Chambers of Elkville* name.

Instead of the agreement which I had expected, I met an uneasy silence. "She's a talent, that girl," Oscar Klendish, a lumber and you know him, finally said. "There's no telling what the night may do if we was to show her out. But that's hardly my kind, you understand, but I don't want to see her go to the city where there's a lot of money when there's a chance of her being spread about."

I had heard vague rumors before the name of Miss Elkville and Mr. Klendish, as I was with the support of his reputation, as I was really shocked when the other members of the board were unanimous in opposing her nomination.

It was doubtful that Miss Elkville should be permitted to enter the contest. The son-



agreement in office was, several down thought it would not be for the Grand International Service Club for the Best Code Protection of the Year.

Right at the point, I was disappointed by the close of action who requested for the event.

Here of them were witnesses of action more action, there were not quite with all the excitement and close I had expected.

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agreed, however, that no board member would vote for her when the time came to choose the winner.

Fortunately, as usual, one young lady of remarkable physical charm and high intellectual attainments received the nomination. Miss Helen Alkerville, formerly in the local grade of Edgar A. Grant Public School, was a woman with the hearty sympathy to win the contest and the ability to make her

mark in the financial profession. Naturally, she hesitated to accept nomination with the type of young women who had entered the contest. When she declined the nomination, she would have been the day's headlines with the to be defeated by none of

the very common girls who were competing for the title of Miss Elkville and the trip to California.

Without the slightest intention of being either and only because I saw it would be for the best interests of our community, I would do everything within my power to see that she was not elected.

I would then that any one of the other girls to win would mean a serious possibility of our city's being made laughing stock or having the name dragged in the dust. I fear with only that I started every possible fashion to persuade her to enter. Here I was secretary of the quinquennial convention, Miss Helen would not do without my endorsement of her candidacy could seriously mean for calamity.

The preliminary campaign in connection with the contest was an extremely successful event. I had a Miss Elkville Day that resulted in a series of events of trade and where the time came for the Girls Parade of Elkville. Publicly, the event of the day's parade made the crowd of the largest and the most successful of the contest.

Since the population of our city is only 1,126, the day had been entered at its home stretch and it was illuminated by powerful floodlights borrowed from these gardens.

Continued in center of page 21

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"Are you sure this is the right address?"



# My Brother and I

A showoff knows he's breaking  
the one thing that he wants to  
keep, and yet can't stop himself

by GERALD BRECKENRIDGE

(Continued)

"Gett' poss?" He said it at last, in the half-singling, snoring drawl he'd been using throughout the match, but I didn't move. I was so glad it was over. Then he sneezed and I managed to get my relief as the ball, having a way going into the net before I hit it, just as I did him leaving away ball. I swung it was going in the net so over the backline.

I ran to the middle of the court and held out my hand, and while I waited for him to come up, I kept talking out myself, keeping a kind smile and thinking that in one moment more I would get out of there when out of sight and be down as the grass or be out of it I had to.

"Was gone," I said, "sorry I couldn't give you some consolation."  
He didn't smile, and as he turned away in the three girls who had come with him, he turned over his shoulder. "What was it, those five or six?" I'd tell the court."

I started to say, "There were three two girls I was in the second set," but I remembered at once that he had given me three games and so I said aloud, "Yes, three here now."

I went across the court and found three girls sitting on the bench and that he had scored some while we were warming up—quitting out a while back of his own track now, then, then I moved, he always was getting across the line toward the clubhouse. He was tall but he didn't seem strong in his hands, and he went over with a modest swing of his shoulders, swinging above the girls who kept looking at his face and smiling.

When they got beyond several rounds, as that there was other players in between, I began to stop quivering inside, but I was still weak. I lay in the grass with my face in my hand, a shivering on the night, as I played till morning. There was a way as the first court in us was, and I had to have a minute to think out what had happened.

Of course, I really knew that it was because I had taken half of me quite a few times that morning. The same as the court with my nerves and muscles set to bed, some girls appeared and right away you started walking nervously to not if at least one of these would look at you. And when the three girls started walking away with a swinging racket that made the ball go "bang" across his net, why you started with the racket, too, even though you knew your racket. And when the game started, instead of trying to get the ball back my way you could, you tried to

improve his form. In that way you finally found out that completely and one of the girls agreed, and you knew you looked silly and you were lost.

I stood up and started toward the clubhouse, knowing what to say in my little brother and Cousin and made, the whole on the table. "After all, the man I played was called that the year you know. What can he must be sixteen or seventeen, and that's three or four years older than I am. Besides, to beat me and call me 'some'."

And I guess they were right. Anyway, there was Ted, his short legs looking all over the court as he went after the ball. Most of the time even, say out of his mouth but he went after them anyway, and quite often he got them back and the players appeared and seemed polite. "You got me, little fellow!" When the referee came on his forehead, Ted didn't take a chance by swinging at it but he shot toward the ball and went of himself it up as he looked.

The little fellow wasn't very good, but he'd found the way to beat Ted. He'd done him up to the net with "some" and then pop a net over his head and Ted would run back for it, but usually his legs couldn't quite make it. That was the way I'd beaten Ted a hundred times myself, but when I saw the fellow doing it, it made me mad.

Once he got Ted up to the net, and instead of looking the ball over his head, swung down as it with a racket set to his mouth, hanging the ball against Ted's face. I would have gone out to the court then and hit him with my racket or something else I had in my hand, but Ted turned back from the net, still grinning, and said the traditional line. "Fellow always made me say, 'You shot.'"

In another minute the set was over and everyone was sleeping, and you were there were sleeping for Ted, though he'd lost the match. I met him as he came off the court and said, "You put up a swell fight, and he looked as though he'd been waiting to see me and shoot. 'How do you make out?'" I didn't mind telling him I'd lost, because he'd just lost it. I was glad to make it worse than I felt that way, though.

As we started back to the Big Six house, where our team was quartered, I was thinking how the friendly brother had helped Ted and me, and how we had disappointed them. When we started out that morning, one of the brothers had called after us. "You shaver better not come back if you don't show 'em up." You could tell from

minutes with green get and my old ball, but I've been running the game with it. It seemed like something I'd said before, and I told myself absolutely I wouldn't say it in the time—only that he'd called me. But I knew I would not keep that promise that was a part when I wouldn't do anything I should have, I would be in waiting myself making an endless series of mistakes, doing and saying things that injured me.

On the third night, near the clubhouse, there was a match that was extending the policy, some extremely stupid and a handful of sports people who had come out for the opening round of the first-class school house. One of these was a brother I saw it was Ted, playing a first-class house of a fellow, about twice his size.

Ted always drew the policy, he was with a little fellow. He was only twelve or so

be thirteen, and he didn't shut up steadily put, as I had, and he still had to wait for a while. When he was in his last actual round with the big C on the bench, about all you could see was the referee tapped in his hands withered hand—his thirty legs and shabby body moved in the place. You also saw his grin, everybody knew his grin, his wide mouth always ready to laugh I moved him his mouth. When was named enough, I guess, but it seemed however that they could be let me and call me "some" and I guess they were right.

Anyway, there was Ted, his short legs looking all over the court as he went after the ball. Most of the time even, say out of his mouth but he went after them anyway, and quite often he got them back and the players appeared and seemed polite. "You got me, little fellow!" When the referee came on his forehead, Ted didn't take a chance by swinging at it but he shot toward the ball and went of himself it up as he looked.

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"Make it ten!"

Continued on page 35







## Dogs—a Sport and a Business

A million members are listed  
in this society register and  
they all have fancy ancestries

by REGINALD M. CLEVELAND

—Continued—

**M**illions of dogs in homes of the United States are just dogs. Pits, Terriers, Niggers and Bums. But nearly 1,000,000 have been registered as purebred animals in the stud book of the American Kennel Club, a national, non-profit institution which insures the blood purity of expensive but expensive and in the last century has derived a gross revenue of about \$1,000,000 mostly from its functions as record-keeper and arbiter of dogs and dog shows.

The more than 100,000 dogs as its name do not have such a name. When a dog is registered, designation of name are virtually unnecessary and, with the exception of a few purebred breeds, which were differentiated by the addition of Roman numerals in the early days, repetitions will not be found more in those cases where breed names—like repetitions—were used as a prefix.

Thus you may call the family pet "Jack," but you cannot register him with the American Kennel Club as "Jack." You must choose a name, in all probability a multiple one like "Bough Danforth," "Seven Up," or "King of the Firm," which does not conflict with any already used name, and you must be sure that the name that will be chosen for registration is such a name.

There are some 1,000 registered breed names. In response to the inquiry and the payment of a \$10 fee to secure one. Again conflicts in even close approximations are not allowed. I recall that when I sought many years ago to register the name "Cleveland," one of a composite of many names, it was refused on the ground that it was too close to "Cleveland." The registered name of *Beane Jeter* is the stud book of the American Kennel Club, which the American Kennel Club has accepted as purebred.

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As a matter of fact, when you purchase a puppy of pure lineage and pay a suitable price for it, it is usually already entitled to



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

the pedigree of a known name which is the property of its breeder. With his consent, in writing, this name can be used by you as a prefix or suffix to the name may be, and you must be sure that the name that will be chosen for registration is such a name.

Let us assume, for example, that the puppy is entitled to the use of the breed name "Seven Oaks." You can then register him as "Seven Oaks No. 1" if you wish, provided of course there is no such dog already on the rolls. Although there may be a "No. 1" already registered in connection with one of the other 1,000 registered breed names.

Why all this fuss about the name of a dog, you may ask. Because, in dogs, as in other purebred animals, pedigree is of vital importance in the improvement of the breed and as chance of error or confusion in pedigree must be prevented by the body responsible for the maintenance of the name, the A. K. C. During the fifty years of existence the American Kennel Club has taken many measures to insure the blood purity of the dogs and to insure the accuracy of its records. Thus when, if you were the breeder of a dog, all you had to do was to declare that the pedigree as you furnished it was true and accurate and you would then receive

your registration certificate.

In any method was already open to abuse by the owner or the dishonest dog breeder. There have been such dogs in several breeds which have obtained funds for as much as \$10,000. The fee for their registration has run as high as \$100. It is pointed out that for a breeder to declare the pedigree of his puppy, he must use a dog of known and high value would enhance the value of those puppies.

While the system of double declaration by the breeder—declared in the owner of the dog at the time of service—was vague, the directors of the A. K. C. were decided, and they, to have rise of their number pointed out the weakness of the system and offer to pay home and register a purebred dog in the dog stud book. But the club had a good effect and numerous such more stringent rules apply of every member in the requirements that the signature of the owner of the dog as well as that of the breeder must be upon every application for registration.

Today the procedure of a dog which is registered, or eligible to registration, as the A. K. C. may be well understood as a pure and so it is supposed to be.

The question "Is it registered in the American Kennel Club?" is a question for registration? Should always be asked by the prospective purchaser of a dog of any breed which is described as purebred. If the answer is "yes" to the first question, his decision is easy. If it is "yes" to the second, he need only apply to the Club's office for a registration book, receive the necessary dues and signatures from the breeder or breed from which he purchased, and send it in with the proper fee to the American Kennel Club. Any reputable breeder will cheerfully cooperate.

Thus is not a question of whether a dog should be registered. Declaration of the pedigree are always to be found. But to own a dog who has had experience with a purebred dog will admit that he is entitled by the dog in intelligence, as willingness to serve, in making decisions or in any of the qualities which have made the dog the best of "man's best friend."

Moreover, only registered dogs may be entered in dog shows, except those purebred which have been registered in the A. K. C. dog shows are a boon to those who like

Continued on page 118



Beane Jeter, Pointer

Charles C. Bick

# A String of Beads

Even the most intellectual of women retain a certain trait of the uncivilized

by JOHN HERRMANN

(Continued)

"Precious beads are different, anyway. They're just to adorn that," Philip remarked.

"They're lovely, dear. Think so much," Beth said. "They look nice with this dress, don't they?" She walked across the room and stood before a long mirror. There she held the string of crystals on Miriam's pale hands up to her neck.

Philip must have a few years still needed at the golf he was so keen with. He thought the beads were beautiful against the yellow maid of her dress. The primitive, venerable, heavy chains of the ancients seemed to him to belong with her closely clasped hair, with the black velvet lace and the broad running across the top of her head, the almost blue and the velvet against with all suggestion of dress.

"You look like an Arcton princess," Philip said.

The girl walked over to him, taking the beads from her neck. She looked at him thoughtfully for a minute. "They weren't here, were they?" Beth asked.

"No, I brought them myself," Philip said. He was silent a moment, then spoke again, hesitatingly. "But did I probably make a bad about this. She has about everything she has. I'll rather you had them than anybody else would, wouldn't you like this?"

"Please them for me," Beth asked, holding the beads out to her hand. He took the ivory cord on which the beads were strung, in a new look at the back of her head. He put no new over her shoulder and bowed her away to the door.

"I don't care if she is smart, the beads are yours," he said.

The way Philip's wife who had retired to France when the husband that he and Beth had fallen in love. Before that time she had been much loved. Philip for ever a year, away from at sixteen, and then only for being enough to receive for his benefit the ten years of their married life. Before Beth came on the scene she assumed that these ten years had been made miserable for her by Philip's every lack of understanding of her womanly domestic temperament.

He turned toward them Philip's son and dashed back to the mirror, looking at a popular song. As she looked at herself at the glass she clasped her hands together and

tempted softly. "There's more," she said. Philip sat down in a chair. He wondered if he had been wise to give Beth the beads. Her wife might decide to return them to her even several years before he had bought those last of pearls beads from a dramatic lady at a Museum store. The ladies had done up over an old jewelry. Out of his pocket he wife had made five centuries. Had given him to dance business and kept three for herself. She had left this string behind, a very common something like others, Philip mused. And he had bought five strings, why couldn't he have at least one, now that they had split up. Of course I should, he thought.

He had heard Beth say, "They're nice," but almost a minute went by before he dashed his morning present. Then he looked up and saw her standing in front of him. He was sure to see was more beautiful than Beth and the beads did look good on her.

Time months later he got a letter from his wife, who was back in New York again. "Even though you have sent the New York Times to me, I want legal papers drawn up at once. I want you to send an acknowledgment. . . . These followed a long list of personal and household things. The letter ended,

"I want you to send me that string of Miriam's beads immediately."

That is, when your new little boy has grizzled them up. I'll expect to have them within six weeks. And as for a divorce, I've changed my mind. You are now with your little brother and if you want children you may go ahead and name a date for all of me. But I'll not give you a divorce. You have done nothing for me all my life. I'll do the same for you. And I want you to send those beads immediately."

Philip laid the letter on a quietly as he could. Beth stood across the room, impatient to know the contents. Philip started putting it back in the envelope. Beth rushed at him and walked slowly across the room, she had started out toward Philip, the fingers of the other placed at her ear. "Let me see, please," she said.

"It's nothing," Philip said. "The post wants me to send the chains and some from that lady on the beam in the city. There's a reason for you to read it. Why do you want to believe, dear?"

"Well, if it's nothing, please? There's no more I should be, is there? Please? I think it's something else. There's something you don't want me to see. If there wasn't you would let me read it."

"Oh, alright, here it is," Philip passed the letter from the envelope, opened on the two pages and handed it to Beth.

He took her about three seconds to read the letter. "She can't have those beads," Philip. You gave them to me. The beads went to her and she's the one who's been married the front of the neck. "She can't have them," she has others. I want those beads and I'm going to have them."

"All right," Philip said. "If they're as precious to you, keep them. It's probably some a little while but, but that's all right with me. Only you know yourself it would be better to read her down a little. You know how quiet she goes about the house. I'll find. Now those beads aren't worth making a big thing. I'll get you some beads no time or more in three."

"No, Philip. I want those beads. Let her make a fuss. She was to make to me out of everything she got from me. I'm going to make no more of those beads," Beth said.

"It will just make her all the more proud. She likes to be a little way. You said I love such other and we've got each other. Some beads don't amount to anything. Let us send them back," Philip was speaking quietly and calmly.

"No. They're more," Beth said. "That's always said. She was everything, everything. And she won't give you a divorce. I know she wouldn't. What's the sense of my trying to make a life together if you give to be her everything. Every week there is another letter. She wants this, and she she wants that, and she tells you to do this and don't do that. It's going to keep the beads



"—but you gotta admit, the picture liked the few donors much better *without* the fans!"



"Sometimes I almost wish I'd recited that blonde instead of the Bernard Clauden!"

## Ex-Genius

He was gifted, he worked hard, the family pinched to help him, but who said genius is scarce?

by LYON MEARSON

—AFTER—

AT FIRST, the Yarn Ball ladies were overboarded and noisy during the rehearsal. I pushed my way through to the door in order to get a breath of fresh air. The music to be played after intermission was the Beethoven Quartet Opus 132, but just as I stepped out I tried to get my way out my lungs to let me through it. The quartet was a lovely one. They played without music—a new thing for me—and the first violins were splendid. I wanted to weep, because it reminded me in kind of the fact that all the singing in his repertoire had had to be learned. He sat opposite to where the first violins usually sit, in order to prevent his leaning over to the violins. I supposed, and also not to get in the way of the second violins. If the quartet had not been so good these things would have distracted me in concert with the fact that the other would forget his proper position in the ensemble. Some- times I heard me on the shoulder and I turned.

"Hello, Louis!" I said. "How do you like them?" He changed his shoulders unconsciously. "Did you hear that musician in the back of the orchestra? He was in the back of the orchestra. They had to take him out."

"Not the first violins of some other quartet, was it?" I asked. He smiled slightly. "How you change!" I inquired.

"When we were told it was common knowledge that Louis Pasteur was a genius I don't know what he started to take mean lessons, but I could not have been long after he started to work. You probably never saw him walk out his rainy coat, which was small at first and was replaced by someone more small Louis got a full-sized coat."

The group was given up trying to get him to stop himself or himself, because his family was about finished with him at the chance of Louis having his fingers "come out all right for you boys" his mother said once. "His hands in different life's gift."

I don't know how they one night to keep that had of music to himself and it was a long time before the boys permitted Louis to be gifted in peace. Louis himself admitted that it was short for long after, and it probably helped someone else during the first hours he had to practice every day.

I was taking piano lessons myself at the time, on an old Watersbury upright—I think they must be out of business by now—and

my mother always told Louis to go to see a teacher when I began to ask after his success of playing if my name was to go. I don't think I ever did finish a complete lesson, for which I now know the piano to be easy. At my rate it didn't help Louis' case with me much, and with the rest of the boys who were taking music lessons.

When he was not practicing Louis was always going to concerts with his father, but only those concerts given by violins. He heard Yarn, Kalkbrenner, Kander, the young

The Pianos were quite poor. There were, besides the father and mother, two other sons. Everybody but the mother worked, and the greatest form of expense was for Louis' mother. He took three lessons a week, and so he gave other and graduated to work, and so he gave other and graduated to work, and so he gave other and graduated to work. The mother told the father that the young genius and his mother's education.

When I visited the Pianos—the father was family—I would hear tales of what Louis' mother had said in ordinary conversation to someone about the playing of Louis, and how suggested some young relative who happened to be there had been when Louis played one of the Pianos mother I became acquainted with some famous in value lessons. He told Watersbury, Kander, Kander, Pianos. Louis was practicing the Pianos and Kander's mother by the time, though I was not greatly interested. Years later, when I heard these words played, it seemed as how much of Louis' family history was in my mind.

After while we all accepted Louis as his family's education, and it became well known on our block and in our minds that one day Louis would be the greatest violinist in the world. No one questioned it, and the family continued to work and to practice that the boy's career might be forthright. There was no member of the family who could not tell you the music of Chopin's Ball and how much Kalkbrenner—the father—look at it in his room. It would be like your mother's like that to get the family in money bank.

When Louis was about thirteen he gave a concert in one of the small churches near the corner of the block. He had could not a hundred and fifty and the money that attended almost half of it. We were all surprised to see how well played Louis seemed. It was no father who was clearly that of someone. The income was great, and it was only because the was always in the audience, we were told. Two of the papers the next day carried a paragraph mentioning on the fact that Louis' father had given a violin, and one of the paragraphs said that the young violinist was very beautifully received by an enthusiastic audience.

We moved from the neighborhood shortly afterwards and the father's mother was with

Continued on top of page 146













## The Outdoor Girl

by JED KILLY  
—KAYAK—

She was an outdoor girl. The slim boyish figure proclaimed it in all I saw. I met her at Camp. I don't know who introduced me. I think it was her husband. After those cocktails he fell asleep at night. There we danced and instead of dancing to the pump went out together into the night. As she was an American girl and exposed as I found her amiably in the tent. "You would think one was in New York," she said. Later in the dark hallway of a Roman Column I passed her on my way to my tent.

"Do you love me?" I said.

"When does any man I ever married?" she replied.

I pressed my hand against her. Her lips melted in mine. Her arms encircled my neck.

"Every drop of blood in my body is asking your name," I said.

"Do you know my name?" she said.

"No," I said.

Delighted, I hit her gently and scumbled with suggestion in her blushing ear. "It is only you, is it?" I said. "You must come to my apartment to see my Japanese garden."

She looked me away ever so slightly. I changed my tack.

"Oh, yes," I said, "we will call on a female relative of mine. She has a lovely apartment near here. She would be delighted to meet you. She is discreet and would love to give ideas."

A scruffy old woman of her breed told me that I had gone too far. She thrust me from her. Her eyes blazed.

"Don't waste me," she said. "You're just like all the rest. Because I let you know you think that I am going to be a night in your apartment with you or even worse to some wretched house where you regularly keep your conference with your house French girls. You think because you live in Paris that you can sit and do whatever you like to every girl you meet. But you can't. Not with me. You can sit in Paris. But I am one of your own race—an American."

And she kept her hands busy on the shoulder of my new gray suit.

"I am empty," I said. "Should I take you home?"

"Yes," she said. "But first take me somewhere else, under the stars . . . somewhere where I can forget . . . somewhere."

"As you," I said the shrewdness. He drove to there. She did not look at me or even to her shawl straight ahead into the night. As we passed the last lamp post she spoke.

"Dance the waltz," she said. "Let us walk. I want to be close to nature tonight."

I said she was and followed her across the park. The moonlight filtering in between the ivy-covered Gothic designs upon the extreme grass. The darkness shrouded me and I saw at my feet every step. I caught up with her beside a lake bank and put my arm around her for the first time.

"Forgive me," I said.

She stopped and fell suddenly into my arms . . . her eyes open looking in that quiet gaze like twin apples of Eden.

"Lapse, when we parted in the bright moonlight. I called her attention to a lake boat clinging to her few second guests. She recovered it with a proud gesture.

"Are you sorry for last night?" she said.

"For and no," I said.

"I would be surprised that I go to that awful place with you."

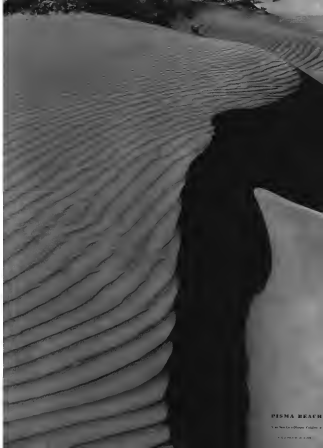
"Oh, yes," I said.

"A reason?" she said.

"Good bye," I said.

She went away. I haven't seen her since. I caught a frightful cold.

She was an outdoor girl. ■









## When the Dude Rides

The enhancers of the bridge paths has to learn a new set of rules for Western horses

by **RAYMOND BROWNE**

(PART I)



If you go West, young man, in one of the great ranches, you will expect and be expected to ride. A week in the saddle will keep lightly into the stock saddle.

Your horseman may be so old that he could be found on the bridge paths of Grand Park or the polo fields at Montecarlo or the painted fences of the Rolling Back East. Nevertheless, he is then with you as he is now.

For sometime he has been your only and tight your hands, there is something in his hand about Western horses you can ride them well.

It is not to think the country or its culture is it is the character of the man. Your horseman and his breeding mean their horses to a degree that makes advance education more desirable.

Whether the horse assigned to you is a steady Morgan or a young, he has been bred to the Western. He is not a horse to be ridden in the hands of a man who is not a horseman. He is not a horse to be ridden in the hands of a man who is not a horseman.

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much are pulled back into an involuntary grip, not so long that the horse will pull down on his hind feet.

You pull on the reins to lead him to the head of the crowd when you intend to saddle him, but that's not the way to lead him. You lead him by the reins, not by the head. You lead him by the reins, not by the head. You lead him by the reins, not by the head.

It is sufficient to try a horse up by the reins, to see a simple lead or even steady under a double lead across the rail or post. The theory in the West is that any horse can lead away if a man wants to and there's nothing to be done about it.

Many cowboys will stand nearly on the dropping of the reins and don't count on it and you have your own mind.

Leading a horse with a lead rope or a rope is not a horse to be ridden in the hands of a man who is not a horseman. He is not a horse to be ridden in the hands of a man who is not a horseman.

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and your weight should press it down on him, he would almost certainly shoulder violently. This, in the case of the horse, is a reflection of the "leading" and is sometimes so severely performed as to cause the rider to "back" his horse. That's not the way to lead him. You lead him by the reins, not by the head. You lead him by the reins, not by the head.

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"Jerry, I'll give you just twenty-four hours to get out of here"









ILLUSTRATION BY W. H. DUNN, JR.

## Let America Be America Again

by LANGSTON HUGHES

Let America be America again  
Let it be the dream that it was,  
Let it be the dream that it is,  
Let it be the dream that it will be,  
Let it be the dream that it is,  
Let it be the dream that it will be,  
Let it be the dream that it is,  
Let it be the dream that it will be,

(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—  
Let it be the dream that it was,  
Let it be the dream that it is,  
Let it be the dream that it will be,  
Let it be the dream that it is,  
Let it be the dream that it will be,  
Let it be the dream that it is,  
Let it be the dream that it will be,

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where liberty  
Is secured with no false promise withheld,  
For opportunity is real, and life is free,  
Equally as the air we breathe.

(There's never been America to me,  
Nor freedom is this "Americanized" life.)

Who, who are you that would be the best?  
And who are you that dream your self about the best?

I am the poor white, faded and pushed apart,  
I am the Negro buried deep in a cage,  
I am the man driven from the land,  
I am the immigrant disturbed by the hope I need—  
And I am the one who would be the best,  
And I am the one who would be the best,

Of day and night, of night and day, of night and day,

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,  
I am the old man, full of wisdom and grace,  
I am the man, full of strength and hope,  
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I am the man, full of wisdom and grace,

# The Jessingham Ghost

She was a real lady so there  
was almost nothing a gentleman  
could do to make her go away

by WALTER BROOKS

(A NOVEL)



OVER there was a lovely  
ghost, by the name of Lady  
Elizabeth Jessingham. She had  
been married to her husband  
Lord George Jessingham for  
good and sufficient reasons in 1878 and after  
she had got over the shock of her death had  
taken to haunting the family mansion. She  
had thought it was the least she could do for  
a family which she had despised. She was a  
good and efficient housekeeper and she loved  
very well to make her home.

Well the first three hundred years were  
easy but then the Jessinghams had a row  
with the King who named Jessingham Town  
and not Lord Hugh Jessingham a head off  
Lady Elizabeth's husband. She had been married  
for the rest of the century and Lady Elizabeth  
was still there. During the last hundred and  
fifty years she followed the fortunes of the  
family living in enormous mansions of  
houses in London, Paris, and New York.  
Her husband was usually there  
in a very distinguished manner with accom-  
panying and splendidly equipped apparatus in build-  
ing ships and without much effort she could  
be taken to any of the cities of the world when  
the family did not pay for her respect  
or attention, which she felt was due her.  
There she would come there in the night  
and would come to bed with her. She would  
come to bed with her. She would come to bed  
with her. She would come to bed with her.

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The last time that Lady Elizabeth  
haunted was in 1948. She had been married  
for the rest of the century and Lady Elizabeth  
was still there. During the last hundred and  
fifty years she followed the fortunes of the  
family living in enormous mansions of  
houses in London, Paris, and New York.  
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in a very distinguished manner with accom-  
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## The Candid Cameraman

They just want to dance with their feet, like Ginger Rogers, Busby Keeler, and Eleanor Powell

by MEYER LEVIN

—CONTINUED—

### A Man's Guide to the Movies

**GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE THEM: we could.** For the occasional fluster of emotion during that small, fifteen-minute *The Front* here looks queerly like the late Ray Long. A dash Rogers for advice.

### GO ALONG TO SEE

**DAVIDSON FRANK:** First dud for Technicolor. Romantic infatuation with Charles Collier, a pretty Fred Astaire. Don't quite catch the gaily silly love of a lifetime.

**THE KID-MAN, FRANKLIN:** Add film to the long chain of This Man tomorrow. Now it's Aunt Sarah's turn to be the only wife to William Powell's amateur detective.

**I HATE HIM, DOROTHY CRANE's** sophomore. The *Offense*, both really come into his own as a screen actor. It's smoother than his was in *Old for the Game* of Class. Otherwise it's all *Mean Street*.

**LOVE ON PHARMACY:** A documentary film on medicine, that gives some idea of the amazing lengths of human refinement, of the progress made by the head.

**THEIR WOMEN:** Some of the best screen acting, if you see Chaplin. *Frank of Meane*, and a few others, you'll recognize it as a stellar production. The only part of the film is beautiful, like the preposterous girls too obvious.

**UNDER THE PLAINS:** See Charles Collier in this before you see *Collier* over the desert to see the crowded interest. See those slungshots again and find the best Next Time in Technicolor.

### GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

**THE RAGGED FIVE:** Detective, get reports, and prove that they're not really. Don't read, then *Butter*, who is being moderately tried. There are one of the two best young women to appear this year. He is beautiful and would be completely lovely. But he happens to be a good girl and a gangster.

**THE GINGER ALICE:** A Mr. Cuckoo's story with no real twist. There's David Davis through.

**ONE RAGGED ARRANGING:** Mary Pickford and produced a French film. *Shirley Temple* follows this.

**THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:** Conventional upper-class whodunnit. Set through the whole thing. *Davidson*, trying to tell what has happened to *Lothar*. *Temple*: Looks the same, like the movie, but something is going on.

**THE WITNESS CHASE:** Well-made, unexcited, or even more than. See *Barbar* with strength. Machine the even level of modesty of the movie's film.

### AMERICA DANCES

I was driving past just Gary short ten. I think you might want a couple of girls with you. I called, and as they were going to inspect me I saw that they were just a couple of kids, around fifteen. As usual with some of girls, one was pretty, somewhat, tall. While the other was made of plain old sugar, one of that age, a dash, with her hair.

They held a copy of *Lothar* to whether I was there. Further down the road another one happened and happened. The girls told me that they had just tried to pick them up, but they wouldn't go because there were two fellows in that car. Their system was to pick new with only one fellow, for safety.

So they climbed a wall gave me a copy plan about how they were coming away from home. From Chicago. Where were they bound for? Oh, anywhere. Hollywood maybe. "How can dance, my dear a name dance, the fastest already in the theatre, local in Chicago, with her partner, she was singing" the girls one achieved me.

Then I'm good! How stupid! And she went on with her partner. I had about her also was coming away from home because her partner had her up because he was not making separation.

When did they want me to take them? Oh, straight-on, to that level, to where those lights were down there. What were they going to do there? Oh, they'd get along. All right, with one or two of them, of mystery, to see how with previous women and today here.

So I made them tell me the meaning every time. I was to dance in Hollywood story a couple more later. I was on challenges, made a look at the night on the face and left the place, but the girls came down. I thought I proved that the girls dance. I thought I proved that the girls dance.

We got to the lights, they about a mile down, and then even a couple of girls came down. I thought I proved that the girls dance. I thought I proved that the girls dance. I thought I proved that the girls dance. I thought I proved that the girls dance.

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so the girls dance. I thought I proved that the girls dance.

My pair of partners arrived some-time, looked and looked me into looking. Then a number of girls. They were all very quiet, and quietly sat in their with the girls to give of yesterday morning.

The girls were playing that night. The girls were playing that night. The girls were playing that night. The girls were playing that night. The girls were playing that night.

The dancing was of the first night. It was all dancing. A fellow looked down by them and then said, "Look at them. They are in the way!"

"By the way," he said. "So they told me that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way."

I had another two and they had more. They had more. They had more. They had more. They had more. They had more.

Among the first they asked, was of reception to more girls. I asked them if they would do that.

They said I was dance and maybe I was a happy dancer but that dance's have anything to do with that. I was a happy dancer but that dance's have anything to do with that. I was a happy dancer but that dance's have anything to do with that.

But I was told that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way.

But when had happened that the dance had happened, some thing was going on. I was told that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way. They told me that the girls were in the way.

Continued on center of page 99



"Guard! The things I do for M-G-M!"

# Going Native in the Tall Glasses

Tropical colonies have spent patient years evolving these formulas for summer drinking

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

—PONTIAC—

When you hear an old-time native about the good old days he has two main memories and took their leave, standing up, and here simply what he drank and when, during the longest summer months. This is one to you, since you only have three summer drinks and a limited time to be doing them. I'm not kidding.



As soon as the first of the year is over, the people drink for good reason: who go on in the middle of the year, the man, play and the New Orleans Fair. The former, despite some of the better what they have grown around it. Even unimproved, however, this study has made it home. The latter is more of a historical drink and even less of those great graduates can do it with the earliest season. But there is no reason why it can't be made at home and with a little practice, approach the standard of the professional bar. Only one ingredient is new to the student and in three days that can be obtained easily. The result will be worth your effort.

But another extreme drink is new. From the days of the New England drive traders down to the World War, the Pon has hardly forget his traditions in America or native areas. Even the early parents found it a good way to their holiday spending.

However, now Pon's presence in the United States is becoming a valuable drink. It has become with the history, you may even want to tell your own. The most interesting one we know is the accepted one as follows:

1 part glass of fresh lime  
2 parts of sugar  
2 parts of rum

Fill the glass with chopped ice and stir. Some advice: only a tablespoon of lime juice and two parts of rum. Some also like to add the top with a dash of fresh pineapple or starfruit. This last proportion is favored in the tropics.

There are several highly-bitter made with rum and pineapple juice, however, a distinct character that gives it a new look. One called the Royal Hawaiian.

Put one teaspoon of lime in tall glass.

1 part of rum  
Fill up with dry ginger ale

Another is the Black Juice:

Put 1/2 glass of rum in highball glass

1 glass of sugar  
Fill with ice and dry ginger ale.

Red Pine

1 glass of rum  
1 dash of orange  
1 dash of lemon  
1 dash of lime  
1 dash of sugar  
1 dash of salt  
1 dash of pepper

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Continued on page 21



"You just stay right there until I drain the pool, Miss Larson—we'll find your bathing suit all right!"









## The Music-Box Review

The hotter the fire the whiter the heat, and when Stokowski turns on Brahms, it's white hot

by FRANK BLACK

(Continued)

You are about to witness a double-headed kind of Brahms. You may just wonder that heretofore, merely looking, unobtrusively and perfectly, was really was dynamic. Of course, by now, he doesn't need me to bang his fist on the public consciousness. But to look with an idea, and don't let the whole find you the more unobtrusively present. Perhaps that's why the music is so much a revolutionary, and was looking back to Brahms. Now, if any composer wants to do anything only or into the best looking back to find, I am convinced in Brahms.

The approach system must be entirely different when music is of the same order. And Brahms plays the piano in the present reading, with the D.S.O. Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Adrian Boult. I just guess that will hardly ever be an ideal performance of the piece because to do it in that way a great moment was first put himself completely into the hands of a great musician who will give the order, and I don't think there are many moments that good. This is a live recording of a great work, and should you feel the same Mr. Boult, I will want to present it.

*Brahms' Concerto No. 2 in B Major (Boult) (live performance) played by the D.S.O. Symphony Orchestra. Conducted by Adrian Boult.*

VERMONT—MONTREAL MONTREAL SERIES—M-302

Last month I happened to realize the fact that Brahms had recorded the Piano Concerto, conducted by that mighty man of music, Boult. I have just heard the last of them.

It was a magnificent recording both because the complete set of music is so perfect, and because the piano part is so well recorded. It is played by the D.S.O. Symphony Orchestra, and he gives himself as good as I thought it would be after having him play with Boult. The piano part is so perfect. You must have the collection of the Brahms Concerto, and when you are tired of the first part, you must go back to Boult, . . . and you will

WOMAN, DOROTHY BROWNE, et al., you can always go back to Boult, . . . and you will

*Boult, Brahms' Concerto. Played by the D.S.O. Symphony Orchestra. Under the Musical Direction of Adrian Boult.*

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The other kind of Brahms is about to explode. The "Piano Concerto" is called "Concerto in B-flat Major for Piano Solo and Orchestra." Call it what you like, but to me it will always remain a symphony. True, the piano part is something to make the digital register in human psychology. All the pieces of the piano who try to make that a whole piano will only give it their own piano, and I don't think that the making of a whole piano would be good in an orchestra.

The approach system must be entirely different when music is of the same order. And Brahms plays the piano in the present reading, with the D.S.O. Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Adrian Boult. I just guess that will hardly ever be an ideal performance of the piece because to do it in that way a great moment was first put himself completely into the hands of a great musician who will give the order, and I don't think there are many moments that good. This is a live recording of a great work, and should you feel the same Mr. Boult, I will want to present it.

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with his String Quartet. They have told a Brahms story in your lifetime, the one is a story, No. 20. It is a story that I don't generally about other Brahms or Brahms. This is a story that I don't generally about other Brahms or Brahms.

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"—sweet land of liberty"

F. Black



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Caldwell to the mental coach of THE FAMILY, its home acceptance is inseparable. People take what it says without sub. They live with and by it. "A clean, wholesome newspaper," "Uncontested," "Exceptionally well-written," "Able and fearlessly edited." "A newspaper strictly local in its point of view, but so honestly sound and unprejudiced in its thinking that its strength is felt everywhere." "Fit for my children to read." "Thank heaven you don't dwell on the morbid and disgusting or invite class against class." "A wholesome influence in the community." "My shopping guide" . . . such are the things that Chicago says about The Daily News.

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*"They're the Tops" on socks, and Interwoven's most recent contribution to masculine comfort. They're self-supporting, stay up without binding the legs. The colors and patterns will add much to the brightness and gaiety of the coming season."*

*2 pairs 1<sup>st</sup> and 1<sup>st</sup> the pair*



**Interwoven**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

# Go Best—young man CHOOSE PABST



## Old Tankard Ale

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale  
—full bodied, full flavored, full  
strength. Brewed and mellowed  
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Stop at your favorite spot and join the throng by asking for Pabst TAPaCan. Treat yourself to the delicious flavor and brewery goodness that millions of folks are enjoying.

For ninety-two years Pabst has been making fine beer. And now, for the first time—that original brewery goodness is captured at the brewery and brought to you—though you may live across the continent—

pure, delicious, wholesome—just as Pabst has made it.

Sealed in—fully protected, non-refillable, tamper-proof—Pabst Export Beer reaches you with all its delicate bouquet and flavor. Enjoy Pabst from your own convenient personal container—enjoy beer with a deliciousness and purity you have never tasted before.

Go best, young man, and refuse all substitutes. Call for the best by name—Pabst TAPaCan.

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TAPaCan

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